

Sonnet for Cheap Donuts (written in CHP's HIST 295)
Sam Walder

Whisky, gin, and driving far too fast
Were drugs I sought to patch my broken soul
In kinship found in morning's sweet repast
'Twas only deep-fried dough could fill the hole
For just three bucks save one small copper piece
A score of sticky joy-balls can be yours
It's breakfast, say you? Nay, it's heaven's feast!
O Entenmann's, you're God's confectioner!
I weep for March 13th when they expire
Their epitaph's eternal in my gut
My poem's spirits never have been higher
I'll yell it, moan it...I'm a donut slut!
A woman's charm has stolen me in part
But cinnamon and sugar stole my heart.